

A man of few words and many talents

by Mag8889

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Summary: Just enjoy, this is written for pleasure...pure pleasure!

## 1. Chapter 1

He reached to the window seal, though it wasn't very comfortable while wearing the orange suit on. The raindrops were steadily and slowly hitting the window's glass, making him half asleep, half bored. How long they have been sitting here? Weeks, two weeks, month? He could not tell anymore and didn't want to.

HEV glove was perfect to draw some amusing shapes on the steamy surface. Perfect insulation from cold, at least in this scale. He drew himself beating up a bunch of headcrabs, jumping on his head. He couldn't think of anything else to illustrate right now. Physics formulas were all still there, in his scientific brain, but seemed so inadequate to the situation.

He felt a gentle tap on his shoulder and was calm enough not to respond with immediate crowbar hit. He could've killed her in one second.

"Well, well. Man of so many talents and there's a new one revealed. You're a pretty good drawer!

He didn't reply this time. The atmosphere of the place was much too calm and magical. Almost dense of some sensual aromas drifting in the air. No wonder, the place used to be some kind of a store or a storage for some exotic aromas and scents. Still filling up the atmosphere, even after all these years and war shredding lovely atmospheres into bloody pulp.

But not here! Here was saint! He might had got intoxicated a little or maybe just up to his full drug-high capacity. He didn't care. Slowly, the boredom dissolved. It felt nice, it was pleasant, it was

safe. He felt safe for the first time since always!

Still didn't say a thing, just gave her a longish gaze, the one of those he was using to seduce the most stubborn women. He knew she loved his emerald eyes. He smiled a bit.

"A man of few words? Aren't you?" she asked again, like a very, very long time ago. War had almost ended so it seemed close to eternity. Yeah, when this question was asked within its origin.

He smirked, perfectly understanding the irony. It was one of few moments when he actually wanted to keep his mouth shut. Just for the pure pleasure, to share this minuteâ€¦

There was this very old, not to say, ancient gramophone in the back. He wouldn't ever suspect that, but there it was, a dusty record with English Waltz.

So he did what he thought is the best for tonight.

Sounds of cracking music poured into her ears. He appeared from behind and when she turned around, he bowed with his hand gently directed towards her. Like she was a real lady. For him, she was a lady. Treated with this rare kind of love that only this special woman could get. After all this time, there were still only friends.

So after too long waiting, he nodded his head encouraging.

"You're asking me to dance?" He looked in her eyes. "Wow! You can actually dance? Wellâ€¦ Why should I be even surprised?" She grabbed his hand, unsure. "But I don't really know this songâ€¦"

"A man of many talents. I'll lead you. It's just three basic steps, really." He couldn't keep himself quiet anymore. Just needed that to regenerate his smart mouth. "I'll teach ya how to dance, baby! Oh yeah!" He added to feel better, not so cultural. "So, shall we?"

He shook his hips in an obvious and neat manner.

## 2. Chapter 2

"Allright then." She felt so amused.

"Allright!" His eyes lightened up.

He led her gently with his palms, trying to be more gentle than ever. Using heavy guns and killing various creatures with bare hands made him much too rough. Such a fragile creature she seemed. He knew though, she was not so etheric...

He kept his body swinging a little while putting dazed Alyx into the right mood. He could had asked if she ever danced something classicalâ€¦ If Eli everâ€¦ No, no time for such thinkingâ€¦

He just gently moved his foot forward to let her mind learn as they would go.

"â€¦and your leg goes backwardsâ€¦" She responded with surprisingly

smooth movement. "and then we make this long step to the side." Yes." He reminded himself being not very good academic teacher. He hated not very smart students, that were almost all of them. And then Gordon smiled and rolled his eyes, making another move with Alyx awkwardly catching up with his steps.

"I sort of liked yelling at the lab assistants. I miss these times." He sighted and Alyx just remained quiet and stepped on his toes. Which he didn't feel because of heavy duty boots.

"I'm sorry! Alyx, just put your feet on mine and we will go through this sequence again."

Gordon must have had one of these weak moments. Which were quite many as she recalled. But then she noticed his emerald eyes and three days old beard and felt much better.

"I know you wanted to be nice. But we all know, well, I know you're just a human." She started feeling pretty much pleasure of the swinging Waltz moves. It was so much easier just to stay on his feet.

"No, no. We shall dance all rainy night. We don't have any disco, so this has to do."

Cracking old record still was giving out soothing melody so eventually she had to step off his feet and dance as an equal partner.

He said that normally you should keep your head to the left, but it seemed silly to her. How you should not to look at your dancing partner?

"One, two, three. One, two three. Very good."

It had been a couple of minutes of nothing but a calm and rocking back and forward Waltz. She really tried to focus on dancing, although the closeness of his body was all the sudden too much to handle.

"Well, okay Gordy." She said, while letting go his arms. "I had quite enough of dancing!"

His eyes became wide open. He wasn't sleepy anymore. "What? Why? What happened Alyx?"

He touched her chin with his finger, like a father asking his child about her trouble. This was not what she desired! Not this kind of interest. Or well.. She wasn't sure. After all this time, he still seemed to be not totally her type. Or maybe because everyone expected them to fall in love. Just too much pressure from every side!

"I..I just can't stand it!" Alyx groaned and Gordon stepped back, surprised by her sudden burst of anger.

"What this time, Alyx?" Maybe he wasn't so surprised after all?

"How long have we known each other, doctor Freeman?" She looked in his eyes.

The music must have stopped a few seconds ago. Gordon didn't like it at all, and this too serious conversation too. This was the last thing he desired. His body was so sore. Dancing really let him relax!

"What the hell?" His voice was a bit bitter now. He sat down on the old fashioned armchair and kept avoiding her eyesight. "I just wanted to have fun!"

"And nothing more than that?" Alyx voice just kept a more emotionless tone. He knew she was close to explosion now but was ready for that.

"Todayâ€¦ No. It was two days ago. I was having a stroll along the shore and I just wanted to get naked and swim in the sea! But you know what happens if you fucking put a finger into the waterâ€¦ So I just lay down on the sand and looked into the skyâ€¦"

"So?"

"We have time? Don't we? Can't see any zombies creeping around?"

"Bah!"

"While I was meditating there, listening to calming sounds of wavesâ€¦ I thought how badly I miss my old, normal life. I miss it so badly that I started hating the aliens, zombiesâ€¦ Freakin Combine soldiersâ€¦"

Alyx felt kinda bored. Gordon was rarely ever in such a reflective mood. She put her head on her fist and stared into the wet window, loving his friend so much, she'd listen to all the fucking babbling of the hero with crowbarâ€¦

"â€¦ and I just started hating all these rebels! They are not that smart! And I can't stand these eyes staring at me every time! They behave like they just knew everything about me! They expect me to kill every enemy! Yeah go on doc and kill this huge, scaring shit outta me strider! First time I saw one of them close I thought I'm gonna shit myself!" He jumped on the armchair.

"Come on!"

"Sorryâ€¦ Through all thisâ€¦ I kinda started hating you tooâ€¦ Even though I feel great respect. And they all think-"

"This is what I mean Gordon! This is what I feel!"

"What?" He raised his eyes as if he saw her for the first time.

She stood up and crossed her arms. "I can't. I can't beâ€¦ How many times have I saved your life?"

"Huh?"

She got closer really fast and sat down on his lap.

"Alyxâ€¦"

"I just don't know what I should feel anymore!" She hugged him really strong. "Don't want to do something because everyone expect it. But I do feel something Gordon. Now get off the HEV! It's an order!"

### 3. Chapter 3

He remained mute once more. Froze, staring straight into her eyes. The mood was good, the place was nice, even the scents felt right. But he wasn't. She also stopped moving, self-astonished, not totally understanding what's going on. She blinked quickly.

"Gordon?"

"That's my name." He replied with some kind of cautiousness.

Alyx sighted. "Get out of this suit right now!" Her voice wouldn't accept any resistance. She grabbed and pulled the upper part of HEV, with completely useless effort. Gordon just blinked.

"Come on! What's wrong with you?" Alyx kept on jerking the front panel of the suit, like she was able to remove it. But she wasn't.

"What the hell are you doing, Alyx? Please stop it!"

"Aaghh!" She couldn't recognize herself. Maybe the incense sticks essences were really influencing her hormones? She stood up off Gordon's lap. "I'm sorry! No, wait! I'm totally not sorry! Are you gay or something?"

Gordon opened his mouth with a complete disgust mixed with anger. "Me?" He rocketed up from the armchair. "Are you fucking shitting me? I wouldn't be able to stay gay even if I was one!"

Alyx wrinkled her forehead and shook her head after a second. And stared in his eyes. "I wouldn't believe you are like that if I hadn't met you personally. Walking modesty! The savior!"

"No. I don't care what all these people think about me! But I'm sick of it all. I hope what they keep on saying is true." Gordon decided to sit down, but this time on the old table. Suit was starting to get kinda uncomfortable. Hi tech design but maybe it was safe to take it off finally. And he was tired, really tired of killing. He must had killed thousands of creatures up to that point. Blood, flying body parts, flying bullets, he got used to it so much more than he wanted. Just another day with blood on his face and alien juices smelling everywhere.

"Gordy?"

"What?"

"You fell asleep. It's been half an hour now. Maybe you should go to bed?"

"Shit!" He straightened his back. Neck was hurting pretty bad. Hard

wooden tables are bad to nap, especially if you are sleeping with your head down. "You seeâ€¦ I'm not gayâ€¦" Random words from dry mouth. He started massaging his sore neck and then found Alyx in his eyesight. She looked pretty sad. And a bit anxious. "Okayâ€¦ I might behave like an asshole to youâ€¦ But I really respect you Alyx. I'm not going to use this situation. I doesn't feel rightâ€¦ None of my old friends would believe in what I'm saying right nowâ€¦" He chuckled a bit, still holding hand on his nape. "But they're probably dead now. Well okay, I didn't have many friends."

Rain was banging on the windows. Steamy surfaces covered Gordon's skillful sketches of himself playing with headcrabs. Actually it was raining pretty hard. At last.

He just felt full and soft lips on his. Astounded, he kept his eyes closed, not to disturb this weird sensation. And suddenly he wanted more. Hot kiss, freakin hot, the hottest one since always. Alyx seemed to be cautious, even in this situation, but Gordon went with the flow and grabbed her butt. And sucked into her lips. They were juicy, hot and soft as pillowsâ€¦ Pillows, he must had been really sleepy. But he wanted even more. A chill went through his body as he enjoyed the vibrant firmness of her perfect butt. So he squeezed it harder.

And suddenly she stepped back. Gordon almost fell on the ground.

"Alright! That's enough!" Her voice didn't sound happy.

Gordon's certain body parts had already started feeling happyâ€¦

He was dazed. "Iâ€¦ I told you I felt wrong. What the hell? Alyx?" He fixed his glasses that almost fell to the dirty floor. "Iâ€¦ I'm alright with that. Whatever you feelâ€¦"

She looked pretty nervous. Like she was holding something inside.

"Let me guessâ€¦ It didn't feel as you expected? As you imagined so many times before?"

"Bastard!"

And slap!

She ran away from the room.

Gordon just rubbed his left chick. He'd never expect to get a slap in the face from her.

He looked at the windows. Rain was pouring like crazy. He gently slid from the table's edge and opened the wooden door. The wet and fresh smell of rain hit his senses. Finallyâ€¦ Cleansing, purifying, fucking rain!

Nothing else mattered now. He felt it wasn't end with Alyx, they were just tensed, at the very edge of a nervous breakdown. Maybe end of war is not good for an affair like that. But the war is endingâ€¦ He could feel that in his bones.

Gordon closed his eyes and gave up to the rain, let it overflow him completely, like he wanted to stop existing for a while, melt with it.

And then, completely wet, go back and take off the HEV suitâ€¦|

End  
file.